

ANDOVER TOWNSMAN

Andover, everywhere and always, first, last,—the manly, straight-forward, sober, patriotic, New England Town.—*PHILLIPS BROOKS.*

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ANDOVER, MASS., JULY 11, 1890.

NO. 39



FOR THE SPRING.

We shall try to interest you in this space for the next few months, by placing here a brief outline of specialties in **CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS.** During the month of March we shall be opening some very handsome **CHEVIOTS, VELOURS AND ENGLISH TWEEDS**, which embrace some very tasty designs. Pantaloons patterns have a large place in our Spring assortment, and they are of the newest and noblest patterns.

FOR THE MAKE UP, we find our recommendation in fifteen years of Andover business.

J. M. BRADLEY, Tailor and Furnisher

J. F. RICHARDS, M. D.,

Residence and Office

Cor. Main St. and Punchard Avenue.

Dr. ABBOTT,

Office and Residence, 43 Main Street.

OFFICE HOURS.

Till 9 A.M.; 1 to 3 P.M.; after 6 P.M.

C. W. SCOTT, M.D.,

Surgeon and Homeopathic Physician,

49 MAIN STREET

Office Hours, until 9 a.m.; 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p.m.

J. A. LEITCH, M. D.,

Office Hours, till 8.30 A.M., 1 to 3 and after 7 P.M.

Barnard's Block, Andover.

DR. C. H. GILBERT,

DENTIST.

OFFICE HOURS:—8 to 12.30 A.M. 2 to 5.30 P.M.

BANK BLOCK. ANDOVER, MASS.

FOR SALE.

Modern House, with 1 acre of land. House contains 10 rooms, has furnace heat and is well situated near the Theological Seminary. Sold to close an estate.

S. K. JOHNSON,
Real Estate Agent.

FOR SALE

A 44 inch Standard Columbia bicycle in good condition.

H. N. STEVENS,
No. Andover.

Desirable Land for Sale.

The subscriber offers the following land suitable for several

EXCELLENT HOUSE LOTS

or one large estate, situated on Central Street, and running from the residence of E. H. Barnard, to land back of George H. Torr's, being the garden spot of the old Perry Estate. **SPLENDID FRUIT TREES.**

L. A. Belknap.

Andover, Mass., May 3, 1890.

CENTURY WAR PAPERS.

A Set in good condition is offered for sale at a low price. Address "R" TOWNSMAN Office.

NOTICE.

Parties desiring lawn mowed and other garden work done may apply to Geo. G. Greene, Box 130, Andover.

—EAT— Perfect Bread

Nature's Great Vital Energy Recuperator.
Wheat, a natural food, contains all the fifteen elements found in the human body, and chemical analysis shows all natural foods, vegetable and animal, contain these same fifteen elements, and nearly in the same proportion as the human body. Deficiency of vitalizing elements is the trouble with fine flour.

Facts are Stubborn Truths.
FLOUR is the only impoverished food used by mankind—impoverished by the withdrawal of the tegumentary portion of the wheat, leaving the internal or starchy portion. See the facts! In chemistry we find that in 100 parts of substance (See Analysis):—
Wheat has an ash of 17.7 parts;
Flour an ash of 4.1 parts, an impoverishment of over three-quarters.
Wheat has 8.3 parts of Phosphoric Acid.
Flour 2.1 parts of Phosphoric Acid,—an impoverishment of about three-quarters.
Wheat has 0.6 Lime, and 0.6 Soda,
Flour 0.1 Lime, and 0.1 Soda,—an impoverishment of five-sixths Lime and Soda each.
Wheat has Sulphur 1.5; Flour has no Sulphur.
Wheat has Sulphuric Acid 0.5; Flour has no Sulphuric Acid.
Wheat has Silica, 0.3; Flour no Silica.
WHEAT MEAL is a perfect food for Infants and Children, containing all the material for a strong and vigorous constitution.

It is a Positive Cure for Constipation.
It is a PERFECT FOOD for the Dyspeptic, as it is in the best condition for the gastric juice to act upon, furnishing the power to digest, feeding the nerve centres, etc. For the Brain Worker it is unsurpassed, containing all the phosphatic properties which the active brain demands, and without which it is incapable of endurance.
"Dogs fed by Magendie (vide Kirk and Page's Physiology) on flour died in forty days; other dogs fed on wheat meal bread flourished and lived." The three-fourths impoverishment of the mineral ingredients proved fatal to the first. Where phosphorus, the physical element of all vitality, is wanting in food, the same will be wanting in the system, and the body will come short in vital energy, or the power of endurance. Thus the vast waste of living on the basis of superfine flour is enormous and foolish.

THE ARLINGTON WHEAT MEAL IS RECOMMENDED BY ALL PHYSICIANS, HAS BEEN ON THE MARKET FOR THE PAST 16 YEARS, BEARING THE HIGHEST REPUTATION. Being ground from the best pure wheat, it furnishes to the public the means of supplying a PERFECT FOOD. Its quality as it leaves the Arlington Mills is guaranteed to be of superlative excellence and purity. Packed in barrels and half barrels. Ask your Grocer for it, and use no other.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
SAMUEL A. FOWLE, Proprietor.
ARLINGTON, MASS.

T. A. HOLT, & CO.,

Agents.

THOMAS E. RHODES,

Instructor in Piano, Organ and Harmony.

Agent for Vose & Sons pianos, and careful attention to piano tuning. Will act as Accompanist for any occasion.

Residence, Elm Street.

P.O. Box 311.

The Andover National Bank,

Capital, \$ 250,000.00

This Bank respectfully solicits deposits of individuals firms, and corporations, and will give prompt, courteous and careful attention to any business intrusted to its care. Collections made at all points on favorable terms.

M. T. STEVENS, Pres.

MOSES FOSTER, Cashier.

100 Watermelons!

25c. 35c. 40c.

J. H. Campion & Co.,

Andover, Mass.

Steam CARPET BEATING

Will not be done by anyone in or out of town any cheaper than it will be at F. A. DINSMORE'S STEAM CARPET CLEANSING ROOM on Park Street. The best of work guaranteed. Also, Mattress Upholstery and Cabinet Work, and Household Jobbing carefully done.

F. A. DINSMORE TO LET.

House 51 Central Street, fully furnished, by the month or year. Apply at residence or P. O. Box 13.

ANDOVER NEWS.

For other Andover News, see Pages 4 and 8

A full attendance is requested at the meeting of the Woman's Relief Corps, Tuesday night, at 7.45. The Grand Instructor will be present to exemplify the work.

The Vesper Boat Club having withdrawn from Merrimack Valley League, the Niotus Club now holds the lead in the championship race. On account of the above named withdrawal there will be no game on the Niotus grounds to-morrow afternoon, but the nine will play the Cliftons at Clifton, the latter being a very strong club.

Mr. John E. Hale of Boston, a former student of Phillips Academy and well known by several in this town, was married last Monday to Miss Lila P. Magee of Boston. They will reside in that city at the St. Leon, Bulfinch Place.

Hardy & Cole are to build a brick addition to the Smith & Dove storehouse in Abbott Village. It will be at the lower end of the building on the right of the entrance road from the depot. It is understood that this addition will be used partly as the company's office, instead of at Frye Village, and partly as room for storing.

J. W. Meldrum, son of William Meldrum of this town, has been appointed station agent at the Malden station of the Boston & Maine, Eastern Division, in place of S. W. Pattee resigned. Mr. Meldrum has been employed at this station for some time past, and his promotion is a deserving one.

Miss O. W. Neal and Miss M. J. Howard, the well known milliners, have caught the early closing spirit, and their stores will be closed every evening in the week except Saturdays during July and August.

Nature seems to have outdone herself this year, in almost every kind of vegetation, and grass seems to be beyond everything else. But a field of grass, where 5 ft., 11-2 inches by actual measure, is the average height, is a sight well worth seeing, even this year. B. F. Holt, the ice man, shows us a sample of this from one of his grass fields. Who comes next?

Officers Cheever and Mears conveyed E. C. Moody of Ballardvale, to the Danvers Asylum yesterday.

Post 99 G.A.R., has decided to attend the National G.A.R. Encampment in August, and especially on the day of the parade, the 12th.

A party of young people enjoyed a delightful drive and spent a pleasant evening with Miss Annie Chase, at Haggett's Pond, last evening.

The new religious society, at Warnerville has just given an invitation to Mr. W. W. Campbell of the last class at Andover Seminary, to serve them stately as a pastor for the present society year. Mr. Campbell is from Michigan, and is one of the Western young men who followed Professor Ryder to Andover.

WHY NOT use the best? The best is the cheapest. Try World Soap, it always gives satisfaction.

Summer Saunterers.

Miss Ellen Abbott has joined the family of Major William Marland at Pigeon Cove.

Mrs. Jonas Spaulding and family have gone to Townsend, Mass., for the summer.

Mrs. Martha Goff, and son Fred. H., have been visiting in Georgetown this week.

Prof. E. G. Coy and family, have gone to Litchfield, Conn., to spend the summer season.

Miss H. Mildred Pray of Quincy, is a visitor at the home of Walter E. Gray.

J. W. Barnard and J. B. Smith were in Portland on Wednesday, and Mr. Barnard continued his journey to Moosehead Lake, spending a few days.

Winnie Murray, son of James R. Murray, of Cincinnati, O., is visiting at Mrs. Almon Clark's.

The family of W. K. Porter, of Boston, is occupying the E. K. Jenkins residence on School Street.

The Chestnut Hill Farm of A. N. Holt in Scotland District, is proving to be an attractive summer resort. The following are quartered at the house: Mrs. Issacher LeFavour, son and two daughters of Beverly; Samuel Orr and family of Boston; Mr. Osborn Hall and family of Malden.

Will Charnley and Mr. Hutchins of New York, are spending their vacation in town.

Dr. C. W. Scott has gone to York Beach, Maine, and it is the hope of his many friends that the change of air will soon bring him back to his former vigorous health.

Misses Florence and May Locke are welcomed home this week from Europe by their friends.

The many friends of George H. Thwing are pleased to see that he is able to be out, though not yet very strong. He left town yesterday for Kennebunkport, Me., to spend a while in recuperation.

Miss Annie Robinson, teacher in the Grammar School, is enjoying her vacation at Marion, Mass.

Prof. S. M. Downs and Mrs. Downs have gone to their summer cottage at South West Harbor, Mt. Desert.

Supt. Jowett, of Marland Mills, and wife sail to-morrow from Boston on the steamer Cephalonia of the Cunard line, for a two-months' trip in Europe.

J. H. Chandler attended the races of the Eastern Yacht Club off Marblehead yesterday, as a guest of the Boston Herald.

George E. Holt, of T. A. Holt & Co.'s, and George E. Smith of Smith & Manning's are having their vacations this week.

George S. Holderness and two sons are visiting friends in New York.

J. Warren Berry is making a short trip to Maine this week.

Miss Alice P. Lord, of Malden, has arrived at A. N. Holt's Chestnut Hill Farm for a sojourn.

Rev. S. K. Perkins and family of Portland, Maine, are at the home of Charles Shattuck, in West Parish.

Ask your friends about it.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has won entirely by its genuine merit. Ask some friends who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure, none so effective. Large bottles 50c and \$1 at all druggists.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop. Toledo, Ohio. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Good for Your Eyes.

Editor of *Townsmen*:

A correspondent of the *Sunday Eagle*, published in Grand Rapids, in writing of Fashions and other kindred topics, remarks:

"In this connection it may be well to allude to the growing popularity of Milward's Calyx-eyed needles, since thereby the precious gift of eyesight is saved from injury on the part of those to whom it is yet vouchsafed, while elderly ladies find their labors inestimably lightened by this most valuable improvement. The thread is simply passed through a slit above the eye. As compared with the old-fashioned method, this is truly an advance in inventions."

Many of my own circle who use a needle habitually, as well as myself, have complained bitterly in our futile attempts to poke the exasperating three-threaded, reverse-twisted machine silk now in use into the little rough eye of the common needle. I have no difficulty in threading old-fashioned, two-thread sewing-silk or button-hole twist into any kind of a needle, even fine sizes. But I would advise all sewing women, both amateur and professional, to use a parabola or oval eyed needle. Our local dealer thinks women will not buy a high-priced needle, but we cannot afford to buy or use anything that causes a strain to nerves, eyes or temper. The trouble with elderly ladies is as much in the unsteadiness of holding the thread as in change of vision. Holding the needle above the head helps some eyes and it is a good thing for all who hang the head over their work to practise doing this in the threading operation. It is also one of the simple means at hand to relieve an aching spine in a "long pull."

The tailors here use a Milward-needle called Ground-down, that is very short with a round, large eye, suited probably to the cloth they manipulate. But most slender-fingered seamstresses prefer a longer needle. If there is a general demand for the Calyx or gold-eyed parabola needle, which is a little more expensive, our dealers no doubt would put them on the market, and thereby contribute something to the comfort of sorely-trying and jaded eyes of sewing people. R.A.

Nationalism.

Written and spoken at the Punchard graduating exercises by A. B. Saunders.

Social reformers have arisen in all ages. To-day we have a man who says that he has found the remedy for the evils of our nineteenth century society, a society which with its strikes, trusts, monopolies and snobbery is not in a perfect condition, to say the least.

But this reformer is to solve the problems of our time—in a word, he tells us that we are all wrong and that Nationalism is the remedy for all our evils. This remedy is found in the novel "Looking Backward," written by Edward Bellamy. The novel itself is a clever and well-written book, an excellent literary production, and that is all. The most practical part of the book is the falling asleep in 1887 and waking in the year 2000, a sleep of 123 years.

Mr. Bellamy tells the nineteenth century, and all the centuries before it, that everything they have accomplished has been of no help to them or to their successors, and that if our century carries out the plan developed in this novel we shall have found the way to apply the words which our Saviour spoke 1800 years ago, when he said "that the law of God is to love your neighbor as yourself."

But what is this reform? In a few words it is society under government. Everyone is the government, personality is under the government, and the whole fact of the matter is, there is government, and nothing but government. No politicians are needed. There will be no buying of votes, no office seekers, no bribery, for in the year 2000 such words are obsolete, but we shall have about 5000 empty heads, with good and unselfish hearts, who will administer and rule with great judgment. What a Washington we shall have!

Our cities instead of being business centres, where man's brain and work are needed, will become parks and places of amusement. There will be no dusty, crooked streets and thousands of stores lining them, but avenues, wide, straight and clear, adorned with most artistic ar-

chitecture. One particular advantage will be, that we shall not need umbrellas as a patent electrical one will be in use and cover our largest cities; and as the extinction of stealing could not be brought about until umbrellas were done away with, this will tend to make stealing a thing of the past.

Nationalism is impossible. First of all it forgets that human nature is the same to-day as it was a hundred years ago. Man is naturally selfish and wicked, and no kind of government can change that spirit. Nationalism is the worst possible remedy for such a spirit; it will make men lazy, selfish and dependent, depriving them of a disposition to help and better themselves.

Another fact that Nationalism forgets is that there are no two men alike, physically or mentally; all are different. But Nationalism is to make men like a flock of sheep following the same routine day in and day out. Man cannot be bound, but must have and will have some degree of personal freedom. Nationalism then, takes away from men their individuality, the very secret of man's success and prominence in this world. Take this away from one, and you kill the very existence. Nationalism says that what is the disease that is killing the world; a careful study of history shows that the average man is better off to-day than he was even forty years ago, and that it is not true on the whole that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer.

That the formation of an industrial army will make men love each other and forget all the passions and appetites is the most absurd assumption that ever entered the mind of man; it would make of us not men, but inert beings, like wooden dummies in a shop window. Beings with no aim, no individuality, no ambition. Nationalism says that competition is the curse of our age. It seems to me that competition is the very principle under which we live, the very heart of the world. That trusts are formed because of the increase of competition is not true. It is the want of pure and straight forward competition that makes a trust.

Again Nationalism holds that happiness will be found in all the land if it is adopted, but if all had everything they wished would they find happiness? To-day it is not the rich as a rule who are happiest, but the poor: for by the sweat of their brow shall men eat bread.

I have read your book, Mr. Bellamy,
Full of facts that you never knew,
Ingenuously woven together
In colors of brightest hue.

Now, I suppose that you live in Boston,
And are chuck-full of Boston air,—
While I'm a rough old farmer,
With hay-seeds in my hair.

I reckon when you planned your story,
'Twas in front of a cheerful fire,
Tipped back in an easy position
With never a shadow of care,—

And you lost all ideas that were earthly;
Soared into some cloud-lit place,
Where dreams of the real and unreal
Were dancing like fun through space.

I've been there myself; when a fever
Lay hold of my brain, one time,
I lost every solid foundation,—
But I blurted my craze in rhyme.

'Twasn't published. But I tell you, Bellamy,
'Twas as good as you ever seen;
'Twould just suited you, but my wife
Said it all came from too much quinine.

Your book is a little insulting;
In the face of our science and schools,
You look back to this nineteenth century,
And call us a pack of poor fools.

Then you fling at our women's clothing;
Why man, my oldest girl
Wears dresses way back here in the country,
That would start your heart in a whirl.

Come out and see me, Bellamy!
I'll give you a job on my farm;
You'll learn a few practical notions
That can't do you the least bit of harm.

And when you are writing your next book,
Just put in a paragraph there,—
'I learned common sense from a farmer
With hay-seeds in his hair.'

—E. F. Grover, in *Zion's Herald*.

A Free Exhibition.

Editor of *Townsmen*:

All have probably noticed the planet Venus in the western sky lately, also the fine effect of Mars high in the south about 9 o'clock, with the constellation Scorpio. The stars, to my eye, resemble a beautiful Japan lily bending on its stem and Mars is the stigma of the flower. The red star, Antares, in this group has not had a chance to show its color till now. It is well named Antares. Anti-Mars. Saturn

has been seen for a month in the west above Venus, near one of the brilliant stars of Leo. It is now much farther above this star but will readily be recognized by its quiet shining. For ten years or more I have been trying to get a view of all the four planets as evening stars in the sky at once. It may be a common sight at this time of year but I have never seen it. Saturday night a young stargazer mounted a roof on High Street to help me discover Jupiter, who was due in the east near 9 o'clock. Venus was almost setting, and we were just in time, but a hill or barn was in the way and we descended greatly disappointed. On my way back up town, as I stood for a moment directly between the band stand and the corner of the Elm House piazza I happened to glance through the opening between the stables towards the east and behold! the glorious Jupiter was there, at last. Venus, like a Roman candle, red in the west, was ten minutes high. I had my desire at last. A woman passing stopped to look and said it was a "pretty picture." About ten minutes after, near the Old South church, Venus was a fine sight as she plunged under the rim, but Jupiter was flitting behind the Fem. Sem. out of sight again. Any one who can get a sweep of the whole southern sky between nine and quarter past, will be repaid I think with this unusually fine display.

SPINSTER.

How to Succeed.

A gentleman, who is a prosperous merchant, in conversation with a representative of the *Economist*, said that his life was changed by a simple performance of duty.

"I was clerk behind the counter of a large retail store in Boston, at a small salary. I had been out of work for some time, and when I secured the position in Boston, I was thankful, made a mental promise that I would perform my duties thoroughly. I had been working for two days with poor success; trade had been quiet, and it was difficult to get any customers. I felt somewhat down hearted because my counter had been idle for some time. A customer making his appearance I tried my utmost to effect a sale, but, do what I might, I could not please the man. Everything was either too light or too dark, and if the color was selected for his satisfaction, the quality was not what he desired. I have a quick temper, and at times during the transaction I felt that I could strangle the customer; but I quickly curbed my temper and went at him tooth and nail. I felt that my reputation as a salesman was at stake, and it was a question of conquer or to be conquered. At last I made the sale, but I was not done with the man yet. I wanted to sell him more. He said something about sending his wife around to look at some dress goods. I promised to send some samples of new patterns as they arrived. My customer thanked me and said:

'It has taken you a long time to sell me a few goods. Are all your customers as hard to please as I?'

'It takes some customers but a short time to make their selections, while others wish to go slower; we are bound to please them all,' I answered.

'Does it pay your house to devote so much time to so small a sale?' he inquired again.

'Yes,' I replied. 'I have taken pains to give you what you want. I know you will find the goods as I say. You will have confidence and come again, and the next time it will not take so long.'

After getting his package he walked out of the store. In three days I mailed samples of the new dress goods to his wife, and the circumstances passed entirely out of my mind. In about a month I was transferred to another counter and received a slight advance in wages. Much to my astonishment I was taken away from this department after only a month or six weeks' trial, and placed in another position. I could not believe it that I was not giving satisfaction, because with each change an increase of wages was made. One morning I was informed that Mr. B. wished to see me. I went to the office with surprise and some fear. I was more surprised when I saw sitting beside my employer my customer of a few months back. He proved to be the money partner of the concern, whose other business

interests kept him away from the dry goods store almost entirely, and he was known to but few of his employees, although he knew that I was a new man, and thought to see what metal I was made of. That he was satisfied is proved by his making me a buyer of the several departments where I sold goods. My prosperity began with the tough customer and now I thank goodness that I got him, and that I did not show my disposition to strangle him.

Funny Typographical Errors.

Some kinds of humor are funnier than other kinds, and the unconscious humor in many of the typographical errors of the current newspapers possess in an eminent degree the ability to excite the risibles.

It is not manufactured to order, like so much of the humor of the press, real or alleged, but springs spontaneously, sometimes through the illegibility of the "copy" and sometimes through the carelessness or ignorance of the compositor or proof-reader.

The popular theory is to blame typographical errors upon the "intelligent compositor," the adjective "intelligent" being used ironically and with malice aforethought; but I do not believe in making the hard working type-setter shoulder all the shortcomings of his co-laborers in the literary field. He has sins enough of his own to answer for.

A Chicago clergyman not long ago preached on the lack of life and enthusiasm in the church meetings, and several times in his discourse expressed his belief that "what we want is more fire in our meetings." He is said to have been horrified the next day when a newspaper stenographic report declared him in favor of more "fun in Church meetings."

The New York *World's* correspondent, at Bridgeport, Connecticut, sent some news about the "society workers" of that city; and he had to flee for his life when the paper transformed them into "society wrecks."

The same paper had occasion once to report a political meeting at which "the shouts of 10,000 Democrats rent the air," but the impressiveness of the report was marred by a single letter, and the reader was informed that the air-rending was done by "the snouts of 10,000 Democrats."

The New York *Herald* once made the astonishing announcement that "a long line of scorpions' feathers fled into the church," instead of "surprised fathers." A reporter on that paper once quoted a verse from the hymn; "Hark the herald angels sing," and somehow the word herald got into the paper in small capitals, thus,—HERALD, making it appear that James Gordon Bennett was the owner of the angels referred to.

"A Solemn Circus in Church" was the astonishing caption put by the *Buffalo Express* over a dispatch from Indianapolis giving a report of the services in the church of which President Harrison was a member, just before he left for Washington, when it should have been a "solemn service."

In a speech delivered not long ago, the celebrated orator, Daniel Dougherty, used the expression, "If the press gloat in licentiousness," and it appeared in the *Syracuse Standard* in this remarkable form; "If the press gloat in linen trousers."

A Massachusetts paper's obituary notice tried to say that the body was taken to Hull for interment, but the destination was somewhat altered by the substitution of an "e" for the "u" in Hull.

The Boston *Transcript* recently found it necessary to make this correction: "In the letter in last Friday's *Transcript* about ticket speculation in Berlin, in speaking of the Schauspielhaus, or theatre proper, the copyist tried to write as the author did, that it was devoted to 'non musical' dramatic performances, but the type made it non-sensical."

Another down east paper regrets to have said that a certain lady who moved to Iowa last year, had "married a monster, and had done very well indeed," for it intended to say that she had "married a minister."

The novel which mentioned "a pretty two-headed boy playing on the lawn," was not describing a freak of nature; it simply meant a "tow-headed boy."

A New England paper did not mean that "a drove of hogs" floated down the

Connecticut River, although it said so; it was "a drive of logs."

"Was St. Paul a dupe?" asked the Rev. Joseph Cook in a lecture; but a Boston paper put the question in this startling manner: "Was St. Paul a dude?"

A Western clergyman preached on "The Relation of Ministers to their Parishes," but the local papers revised the subjects thus:—"The Relation of Ministers to their Parishes."

This remarkable sence appeared in a Chicago journal: "The stay in Indianapolis proved a relief from the monetary which is inimitable on a thirty-hour cautionary journey." It should have read "monotony," for "monetary," "inevitable" for "inimitable," and "continuous" for "cautionary."

A political newspaper's leader was headed, "Let Us Explode!" when all the editor wished his readers to join him in, was "exploring." So great a change does the substitution of a "d" for an "r" make.

An Indiana paper says: "For 'burglar meeting,' in an article in our last issue, relating to the proceedings of the town council, read 'regular meeting.' We are sorry the mistake occurred, and geess the councilmen are sorry, too."—*Massachusetts Ploughman*.

Value of the Press.

Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court of the United States, in a lecture before the Law College of the University of Wisconsin on "Constitutional Law," gave the following compliment to the press of the country: "Nor shall Congress make any laws abridging the freedom of the press." This is a wise provision. There are some men stung to the quick by what they see in the newspapers who would favor a law that would place the press of the country under a censorship. Much may be said against the manner in which newspapers are often conducted, but I do not think that I over estimate their value when I say that we depend largely for our real protection in this country upon the vigilance of the press.

It is almost impossible in this country, as long as the press is not muzzled, for corruption to hold sway for any great length of time. There are those who think that everything is going to pieces, that the nation is becoming as corrupt as all the nations of the earth, and they affect to think so, because they see so many things in the newspapers. I want, however, to express the conviction that we are a good deal better off than we were 50 years ago. Not that I remembered myself, but judging from what I have heard, we are not growing worse; we are getting better.

The standard of public morality and virtue is higher than it was 25 years ago. Our public men, whatever may be said to the contrary, in the congress of the United States are, in their moral character, a higher grade of men than were there 25 or 50 years ago. There are less vices among them. Old men, who remember what existed in Washington 30 or 40 years ago, all say that. Now, I believe that a vast deal of this is due to the fact that the public press of this country is, every day and every hour of our existence, turning its light into the dark places and ferreting out corruptions of their birth and bringing before the people of this country that which they ought to know, and therefore I believe in this provision of the Bill of Rights.—*Cape Ann Advertiser*.

A Modern Need for Sleep.

Dr. Talmage, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, says: There is not one man or woman in 10,000 who can afford to do without seven or eight hours' sleep. All those stories written about great men and women who slept only three or four hours a night make very interesting reading; but I tell you, my readers, no man or woman ever yet kept healthy in body and mind for a number of years with less than seven hours' sleep. Americans need more sleep than they are getting. This lack makes them so nervous and the insane asylums so populous. If you can get to bed early, then rise early. If you cannot get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be as Christian for one man to rise at eight as it is for another to rise at five. I counsel my readers to get up when they are rested. But let the rousing-bell be rung at least 30 minutes before your public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motion to the pulse. It takes hours to get over a too sudden rising. Give us time, after you call us, to roll over, gaze the world full in the face, and look before we leap.

News and Notes of the Week.

Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, the Prohibitionist leader, died in New York Wednesday.

A cloud-burst in Wisconsin Friday destroyed about \$200,000 worth of property.

Both branches of the Louisiana Legislature have passed the Lottery bill over the Governor's veto.

The saving in interest by the purchase of bonds by the Treasury Department amounts to \$69,913,846.

The Lynn and Boston Street Railway Company has projected a new line which will encircle the city of Lynn.

Governor Nichols of Louisiana has vetoed the Lottery bill. It is expected that it will be passed over his veto.

Senator George of Mississippi advocates a new Constitution for his State, leaving out the blacks from all participation in politics.

The remarkably warm weather on Mt. Washington on Tuesday was followed Wednesday by a frigid wave, ice forming last evening.

It is reported from China that during storms in the Chekiang province hailstones of such enormous size fell as to destroy houses and animals.

John L. Soules of Muskegon, Mich., attempted to swim the Niagara whirlpool rapids Friday, but was badly injured before reaching the whirlpool and was rescued.

Experiments have found that the Atlantic breakers have a force of three tons to the square foot; thus a surface of only two square yards sustains a blow from a heavy Atlantic breaker equal to 54 tons.

The long distance telephone is making its way rapidly everywhere in Europe. London and Paris are shortly to be united by telephone, and Prague and Buda-Pesth are already united. Brussels and Paris have long been in telephonic correspondence.

In the report of a census enumerator in Aroostook county, Me., appears the following: "There are no people in town who are wholly supported by the town except one old man who has been a great worker, and we call him a boarder." That is a sensible tribute to the value of labor.

A curious fashion has come into vogue in Paris. In all the cemeteries, boxes with a split in the lid are placed on the tombstones to receive the cards of visitors. The relatives of the deceased are thus enabled to see who among the living still cherish the memory of their departed friends.

A very severe gale, tornado, or cyclone struck Lake Champlain Tuesday, doing considerable damage, including the sinking of a steam tug and drowning of three men. It also visited later Bangor and other places in Maine, unroofing buildings, knocking down chimneys and doing other mischief.

The city of Fargo, North Dakota, was struck by a terrific gale Monday morning, which did a great deal of damage to property and killed at least nine persons and wounded many more. Scores of large buildings, which were strong enough to stand before the terrific blast, were unroofed, while dozens of small houses were completely wrecked.

It is acknowledged in a Brooklyn paper that Boston has much more dignity of appearance than New York, and strikes one who approaches it with more beauty with its three hills, one of them crowned with its State House dome, visible landward and seaward, across the harbor and a good part of Massachusetts Bay and over the marshes of Charles River.

A fire in the laboratory at Bradford Academy Sunday afternoon caused a loss of several hundred dollars. The blaze originated from an explosion among some chemicals, but the cause is not known. No one was in the room at the time, and the superintendent of the building was made aware of the fire by the sounding of an automatic alarm in his room. The flames were extinguished with apparatus that was in the building, without the aid of firemen.

The bachelors of Baden have made a novel protest against piano practice. They have formed an anti musical association, binding themselves under a solemn oath not to marry any girl who plays the piano. The association, which already numbers several hundred members, will hardly be as effectual as the law in Karlsruhe, which subjects to a fine any one who plays the piano before an open window.

Owing to the fact that the lands of the West are being rapidly taken up, a Denver paper predicts the abdication of the cattle king and the extinction of the cowboy. Of the latter is said: "The cowboy with rattling spurs, his leather trousers, his broad-brimmed hat, his defiant swagger, will soon join the stage-driver, the hunter, the scout, the trapper and the mountain explorer in the procession that moves reluctantly to the quiet, peaceable commonplace ways of life."

The swift running elevator is one of the curiosities of the present time. The competition of builders and experts has succeeded in accelerating the speed until in some instances it has reached 500 feet a minute. A few years ago 200 feet was considered very rapid traveling. It is encouraging to hear from an expert that there is not much actual danger in the modern swift-running elevator. If an accident should happen, the advice is to keep cool and remain still until the car reaches the end of its journey. Then it will stop quietly of its own accord.

The action of the Senate Monday in refusing to take up the Tariff bill was significant as indicative of the purpose of the Senate to give preference to the Silver bill. The Conference Committee agreed upon a bill which was reported to the Senate. It provides that 4,500,000 ounces of silver shall be purchased per month; for the issue of silver certificates for the silver dollars coined, the certificates to have legal tender quality, and the bullion redemption feature of the House bill to be stricken out.

Miss Lillian Blanche Fearing, the only lady in this year's graduating class at the Union College of Law, Chicago, is entirely blind. During the course her mother was her constant companion, and read from the books to her. Miss Fearing was one of four students whose records were so nearly equal that the committee appointed to award the scholarship prize of \$50 decided to divide it equally among the four. The blind student has already been admitted to the Illinois bar by the Supreme Court at Springfield, and gives promise of making a brilliant mark in her profession.

Mrs. Vanderbilt and her son Cornelius are to build a new mission for St. Bartholomew's church, New York, in the thickly populated quarter on the east side beyond the Grand Central station. The institution will be known as the Mission of St. Bartholomew and, although unsectarian, will be under the care of the rector, Rev. Dr. Greer. The cost will be \$250,000, and there will be a chapel, meeting rooms, sewing rooms, school-rooms, cooking and eating rooms, library and reading rooms, and in the basement there will be a large swimming bath.

A bold attempt to rob the Lincoln National Bank in the Equitable Building, Boston, was made shortly after ten o'clock on Saturday, and one which would have been successful had it not been for the prompt action of the bank officials. Thomas Coyle, an old criminal, and especially well known to the New York police, threw a brick, which he had wrapped up in a paper, through the window of the paying teller's (Mr. George F. Very of that city) desk, and seizing a \$350 money package within reach, attempted to make off with it. He was promptly pursued by the Cashier, Mr. E. C. Whitney, and the teller, who gave the alarm, and was held up on Devonshire street by Mr. J. C. Meyer, and delivered up to the police. On being searched at the station four small hack saws, so called, used for sawing iron bars and the like, were found cunningly sewed into the waist band of his trousers. The money was recovered.

News about Town,

It is the current report about town that Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs is making some remarkable cures with people who are troubled with Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Any druggist will give you a trial bottle free of cost. It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. The Large Bottles are 50c and \$1.

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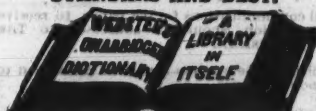
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ANDOVER, MASS.

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John N. Cole, Manager.

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All communications for the paper, to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to THE ANDOVER TOWNSMAN.

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THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1890.

The Waterworks' Contracts.

With the close of the pipe laying, all of the important work in connection with the Andover Waterworks is done. Loud praise becomes foolish if too often indulged in, and we have refrained from any personal allusion in regard to contractors and others or the work until the proper time. But now the work is done, and it is certainly a pleasure to view it as a large job, well done.

From the day on which the engineers made their first survey, till the caking of the last pipe, everything has moved smoothly and in perfect harmony. At the pond is the bright and powerful engines to attest the excellent and faithful work of the Blake Mfg. Co. Everything of the most approved kind, a thorough test of the past six months has proved that this part of the plant is all right. The reservoir five miles away, speaks again for thoroughness, and brings constant credit to its builder Mr. Jule, and its designers, the engineers. The largest contract of all, and that in the carrying out of which, usually brings to a town the most trouble, comes next, in the consideration of the pipe laying. A force of from one to two hundred men will almost always cause some friction, where that number of men is made up of several nationalities the friction is sure to be greater. But contrary to all expectations not a single disturbance of any kind has occurred in the whole ten months covered. The network of pipes connecting pump and reservoir, and the many Andover homes, has not been placed without inconveniencing some, and not without some danger, but through all the broken streets and blasted rocks, the excellent temper of the people and the careful courtesy of the contractor have served to keep harmony. All this shows that another contractor merits praise and to Mr. Eglee the Andover people do not withhold a particle of his due. They have been quick to appreciate his ability as a contractor, his tact and energy as a leader of men, and his worth as a gentleman; and all these have combined to make his stay in Andover a most enjoyable one for the many friends he has made.

Back of all these contracts have been Engineers and Commissioners. The town made no mistake in the choice of the Commissioners and they made no mistake in choosing the Engineers. Mr. Blake has amply justified his name as a pusher without sacrificing thoroughness, and Mr. Worthington has aided much in carrying out his chief's plans. Andover citizens have reason to be glad that the job is completed, and to be proud of every detail. The Commissioners and Supt. Smith may be relied upon to properly care for this new department at Andover's public works.

ANDOVER NEWS.

For other Andover News see pages 1 and 8.

Joseph F. Cole has been appointed administrator of the estate of the late Horace Bodwell of Lawrence.

Mrs. Upton of North Reading mother of Mrs. F. B. Jenkins, is to have a house erected on Chestnut Street, next to Mr. Jenkins' house. The ground is already staked out.

Rev. J. P. Bryant and family have moved from the Beard house on the hill to the Tuttle house on Morton St.

H. H. Tyer is to have an addition made to his house on the corner of Chestnut and Central Streets. The work will be done by Hardy & Cole, according to plans drawn by Architect John W. Russell of Boston.

W. F. Merrill, General Manager of the Chicago Burlington and Quincy Railroad, and his family are in town visiting his mother Mrs. J. H. Merrill.

Frank L. Cole, son of Jos. F. Cole, is sojourning this week in Salem, Beverly and other places.

Three Lawrence youths, disregarding the notices, took a plunge in Haggett's Pond last Friday, but the officer spied them and gathered them in. Before Judge Poor Saturday they appeared and being guilty, two paid fines and costs and the other was placed on file.

Mary M. Greene, late of this town and mother of Rev. F. W. Greene bequeathes \$100 each to the Women's Board of Missions, and the Boston Home for Moral Reform, and \$2000 to the town of Jaffrey, N. H., for the care of the cemetery in the middle part of the town.

The name of Lewis G. Holt has been sent to the senate by President Harrison for postmaster of Lawrence. He will, no doubt be confirmed.

Apple blossoms in July are a very rare thing, but Mrs. Hovey Emerson reports a number on a tree at her home, in full bloom on the 4th, while on the same tree are apples well grown.

The Walter L. Raymond Camp 111, Sons of Veterans, has voted to attend in a body the National G.A.R. Encampment at Boston, August 12.

Brainard Cummings has C. B. Jenkins' house on Chestnut St. framed and boarded.

The Y. P. S. C. E. Society of the South Church tendered a reception on Tuesday evening to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick D. Greene. The ladies parlor in the vestry was tastefully decorated, Mr. and Mrs. Greene, Rev. J. J. Blair and others receiving the people, as they were presented by the ushers. The occasion proved to be a very pleasant and social time. Refreshments were served during the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Greene sail tomorrow for Europe and after a short time in travel will go to Van, Armenia, where he is to labor as a missionary.

There is nothing that reconciles one to the absent mind that brings one's foot regularly up to the threshold of the old post-office quarters, like watching from one of the windows in the square, for other unfortunates in a like hazy condition. Women forget of ten more than most of the men. One business woman, who has a lock box, after the constant and unerring unlocking, by day and night, for at least ten years, was so completely turned around on the Monday of the removal, that she insisted on the whole force of carpenters and clerks helping her to push out or in, the front of another box two numbers behind, on which her key made no impression.

Chas. E. T. Caswell and family now occupy the Mayberry house on Summer Street.

The repairs on Main Street, in the centre of the town, were much needed and will remedy what has formerly been, in wet weather, a very bad piece of road.

Charles H. Eglee has completed his contract in this town, of pipe laying, and all that remains now is putting the streets in good condition. Yesterday Mr. Eglee began a new contract at Needham, Mass., of laying ten miles of pipe. He well says, "I can get contracts whenever I need (ha) m."

William H., infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Jewett, died last Saturday at the age of seven months, of cholera infantum. The funeral services were held on Monday afternoon, at Mr. Jewett's home on Main Street, Rev. Frederic Palmer officiating. The interment took place in North Andover Cemetery. The little fellow was sick less than two days, and the parents have the sympathy of many friends in their sad bereavement.

Phillips Academy.

Dr. Heinrich Conrad Bierwirth will return to Phillips Academy and resume the place as teacher in German and History, which he left three years ago in order to pursue his studies in the German Universities. He took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Jena in February and is now studying in Paris. After graduating at Phillips Andover in 1879 he remained a year, teaching German in the Academy and in private classes, entered Harvard where he graduated in 1884, and was then three years a teacher in the Academy. He was born in Hannover, Germany, but has for many years been an American citizen. Besides being a master of the purest German speech, he has taken prizes at Harvard for his English composition, and at Andover for elocution. His work in the Academy will be substantially that which Professor Wells has had during the past three years.

School Notes.

Superintendent Halstead has so conducted the work in the school during the past term that the Board of School Committee has voted to continue him in charge for another year. With the introduction of several new features in both scholars' and teachers' work which have been noted as they took place, the standard of the schools has without doubt been raised.

The Andover schools will open hereafter the second Monday of September, instead of the first as formerly.

The School Board have adopted a new set of Rules and Regulations which will soon be printed in pamphlet form.

The Advanced Grammar Grade, or the 4th year as it has been sometimes called, has been abandoned, and the class promoted from Miss Putnam's room will be under the instruction of the Principal and Miss Robinson. All pupils graduating from this grade will receive regular diplomas and be admitted to Punched without examination.

Under the new rules the school hours will be from 9 to 12 in the forenoon, with a recess not to exceed twenty minutes, and from 1.30 to 3.30 in the afternoon, with no recess.

The following changes and appointments of teachers are made: The Advanced Grammar grade is to be abandoned; Miss Edith McLawlin of the 3d Intermediate South Centre, is to succeed Miss Flint, resigned, in the 2d Intermediate; Miss Bertha Smith of Melrose is appointed to fill Miss McLawlin's place in the 3d Intermediate; Miss Agnes Morrison is advanced to the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Harnden of the 2d Primary, South Centre; Miss Annie O. Clemons is to resume the charge of the Primary class, at Ballardvale, and Miss Mary J. Jones, who has taught the class during her absence, is transferred to the South Centre Primary; In case of the desired division of the South Centre Primary, Miss Jennie Abbott is selected as the teacher; Miss Emma L. Ward of Frye Village Intermediate is promoted to the Senior department, and Miss Mabel Smith is appointed to the Intermediate department in her stead; Miss Caroline Walker of Clinton is appointed to the vacancy in the Bailey school occasioned by the resignation of Miss Swazey; Miss Emma E. Gould of Abbott Village Intermediate is transferred to the Scotland School, and Miss Lillian Cole of Scotland to Abbott Village; this exchange was made upon joint request of these teachers. The substitutes appointed are Miss Grace A. Langlands, Miss Carrie Dean, and Miss Carrie A. Hayward.

Sunday morning Officer Taylor found a man lying in an unconscious state of intoxication near the Boston & Lowell railroad tracks in South Lawrence. He was taken to the police station and later to the hospital where the man died at 8 o'clock Sunday night without regaining consciousness. The body was placed in the care of Undertaker Mahoney, and several persons visited his rooms thinking that the description was that of a friend. But none were sure, and the body, being in a bad condition, was interred Tuesday morning. Later it has proven to be the body of William Leslie of Abbott Village, who was last seen on the Andover Road Saturday night. His family, which is well-respected, has the sympathy of friends in its trouble.

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The Fourth of July.

The 4th of July in Andover was one of the quietest experienced for a long time. Even the night before was still compared with what it has been before. A few youths had the usual bon-fire in Elm square promptly at 12 o'clock the South Church and Academy bells were rung for a short time, but the noise did not last long. During the day one would have hardly known by any outward appearances that it was July 4th, the 114th anniversary of our independence. This may be accounted for in a large measure by the attractions out of town, Lawrence and Lowell having large celebrations, and Haverhill having its 250th anniversary the two days before, at which a large number from Andover were present. In the evening there were a few good private displays of fireworks in town. There was an all day Cricket match on the Abbott village grounds fully noticed in the accustomed place and the St. Augustines church held a picnic at Haggett's Pond. Otherwise the day passed away uneventfully.

In the morning Ben's Tally ho, driven by W. H. Higgins conveyed a party of the Niotus club to Danvers to witness the tennis tournament of the Essex County League, of which Niotus is a member. A. L. Ripley and Marcus Morton represented the Niotus and in the first round easily disposed of the Lawrence pair, Sherman and Melledge by a score of 6-1, 6-0. But to the surprise of everyone present Taylor and Johnson of Haverhill defeated Ripley and Morton in the second round by the score of 5-7, 6-2, 8-6. Ripley did not play in his usual shape, while Morton played very steady. However, Taylor and Johnson were so worn out by this hard earned victory that they were easily beaten by Walker and Boyden of Beverly for first prize. This tournament was only for doubles and the contest in singles occurs at Lawrence on Labor day.

The reposeful attitude of the towns of Andover, North Andover and Methuen, failing to make any special effort to celebrate the anniversary of the Nation's Independence, caused a general emigration of the citizens to Lawrence. From early dawn till dark the influx to the city by private carriages or public conveyances was very large. The procession of Antiques and Horribles in the morning was an extended one and contained a number of good local hits. A little later came the morning sports consisting of various races. The Military, Civic and Trades procession, with its seven divisions was the feature of the day, and highly creditable to the industries of the city.

The regatta on the Merrimack River was the principal attraction in the afternoon, until about 5 o'clock, when the Common was crowded to witness the balloon ascension. At 8.30 p.m. there was an exceptionally fine pyrotechnical display on the Common, given under the supervision of Messrs. Peabody and Whitney of Boston. A band concert was also an attraction of the evening. Through the following committee: Alderman A. A. Bailey, Councilman John F. Doyle, Councilman John W. Bolton, Messrs. Wm. T. Sellers, of the Evening Tribune, and James E. Donoghue of the Lawrence American, the courtesy of the City of Lawrence was extended to representatives of out of town newspapers and the local Press Club, the scribes being highly entertained at the Essex House during the day.

About five hundred people enjoyed the picnic of St. Augustine's church at Bellevue grove, Haggetts Pond last Friday. The weather proved very good for picnickers and the whole day was most thoroughly enjoyed. Boating, Shooting, base-ball and other attractions kept the people busy and dancing under the direction of P. J. Hannon and J. J. Sweeney with music by Clarke's American Orchestra of Lawrence was a very pleasant addition. The base-ball was between two picked nines and resulted in a tie. J. F. McGuinness was defeated by Hon. J. M. Bradley in the bowling contest and the order was reversed in a shooting contest by the same gentlemen. All returned at an early hour well pleased with the day's pleasure.

Fire Alarm.

Just as we go to press, an alarm of fire was rung, calling the steamer and company to B. F. Smith's farm in West Parish, where a large lot of standing and cut wood was on fire. It was gradually working towards Haggett's Pond.

The Andover Townsman is printed with Andover ink manufactured by W. C. Donald & Co.

Flower Mission.

We think the friends of the Flower Mission will be glad to see this letter, which was an answer to notes, written by two little girls and tied to the bunches of clover, which went to the Flower Mission last week Saturday.

"Dear little friends. Your flowers and notes came all safe. I have looked around on all our charities where we send flowers. There is one, the Samaritan Home" where they have little cots for little children who are there to be cured of lameness. They cannot walk for they have sick hips and backs. Every Saturday we send little bouquets to them and whoever carries them in, can go up and down among the cots and put them in the little girls' hands. I have carried your little letters in to the Matron and she says she has two little girls who will be delighted to answer them, so I think that your picking clovers and flowers for the Tabernacle Flower Mission will be the means of finding you some little friends and giving you a great deal of happiness. We would like all the flowers you can send us. We know what the Andover floral offering is, choice sweet gift. Beautiful Pansies that look you right in the face, so pure and bright. We made 385 bouquets last Saturday and sent them all away in different directions. God bless your dear little hearts and keep you as good and pure as your sweet gifts. In behalf of the Tabernacle Flower Mission. July 2, 1890."

Please remember "We should like all the flowers you can send us". Flowers left at Dr. Abbott's and Prof. Parks on Friday P.M. will be promptly forwarded.

BALLARDVALE

Miss Annie Clemons is summering at Marblehead.

Mr. James Sleath of New Britain, Conn., has been in town the past week visiting his brother Engineer Sleath.

An infant daughter of Phillip Noessel fell from a hammock and broke her collar bone Monday. She is doing well under Dr. Shattuck's care.

Mrs. Kate Mears and Miss Ada have gone to New Bedford and from there will go to Martha's Vineyard.

Other pilgrims to Provincetown this week have been Chas. Hoffman, Jos. Leitz, Asa Buck and Miss Emma Allen.

Mr. Edw. Brown has caught several nice pickeral lately, one taken the fourth weighed 3 1/2 pounds.

Miss Mellie Knifen is at Kennebunk, Me., for a vacation.

The Andover Brass Band will give a concert in Liberty Square, Wednesday evening, July 10th. The programme will be as follows:

March — Scimitar, Ramsdell.
Overture — Rinkletts, T. Jennings.
Polka — To my favorite.
Selected.

Waltz — Fleur De Orange.
Medley — Who's dat Calling, Beyer.
Schottische.
March — Avalanche, Thomas.

Mr. Essig of Meriden, Conn., is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Jacob Loehner.

Messrs Eddie and Albert Herschfeld of Meriden, Conn., are camping out with their cousin, Clemons Kintz.

The Gun Club have secured grounds on Herbert Moody's land, and will put up a house 25x12 at once.

Mr. and Mrs. James McGlynn of New London, Conn., have been at William Quinn's. Mrs. McGlynn is Mr. Quinn's sister.

Mr. William Green and Miss Jessie are at Peake's Island, Portland Harbor.

The Ball Club will play the Maple Leaves at Lawrence, on Saturday.

Mrs. F. G. Haynes, Mrs. J. S. Stark, and Mrs. Fletcher of Tilton, are at Salisbury Beach.

Among others who have "exodusted" is C. N. Marland, who is spending a few weeks at the White Mountains.

The fourth passed off very quietly. The usual firing of guns and bell ringing were indulged in, but with less vim than common. A large party went to Lawrence on the early trains to witness the parade, and in the afternoon many "took in" the picnic at the grove. The Haverhill City Band gave a concert in the evening and ended the celebration. The only accident which could be called serious had for its subject a boy, Emil Lange, who ignited a can of powder, burning his face and arm badly, and removing considerable hair.

NORTH ANDOVER.

Mr. and Mrs. Eben Stevens of South Boston were in town a few days last week making a brief visit at the home of Mr. John Stevens, Main Street. Mrs. Stevens is now visiting friends in Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. George L. Weil and son are with relatives in Concord, Mass., for a few weeks' vacation.

The following were installed as officers of Wauwinet Lodge, I. O. F., Wednesday evening: N. G., George L. Barker; V. G., James W. Leitch; Secretary, Thomas P. Wentworth; Treasurer, D. W. Walwork; W., Joseph Patchett; I. G., F. E. Mason; Con., C. W. Reynolds; O. G., W. L. Guild; R. S. N. G., Wm. Halliday, jr.; L. S. N. G., E. E. Chesley; R. S. V. G., George Rextrow; L. S. V. G., Louis C. Wentworth; R. S. S., Chas. Robinson; L. S. S., William Roberts; Chaplain, James A. Ellison. The installing officers were Dist. Deputy, D. B. Simpson, Grand Marshal, J. D. Spear, Grand Sec., A. H. Clark, Grand Treasurer Bradbury, and Grand Warden George Towne, of Hope Lodge, Methuen. Horace B. Foster acted as Grand Guardian.

Captain Reeves and Lieutenants Weil and Coan were present at a meeting of the officers of the 8th Regiment, M. V. M., at the regimental headquarters, Salem, Wednesday evening.

Adjutant Fred I. Clayton was the guest of Captain Reeves, and Major Wm. A. Pew was the guest of Lieut. George L. Weil, Monday evening.

Funeral services over the remains of James, the second younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy J. Sullivan, who died at the family residence on Railroad Street at 7.30 o'clock Thursday morning of heart disease, were held in St. Michael's church Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, Rev. Fr. Walsh, of South Lawrence, officiating. There was a choice contribution of floral tributes. Messrs. Edward Costello, Thomas Toole, William McDonald and William Morrissey acted as bearers.

Past Col. Charles F. Sargent of the L. D. Sargent, Camp 21, S. of V. Lawrence was present at the meeting of the Isaac Stevens Camp, Tuesday evening and installed Bros. Hazen Curtis, F. W. Eaton and C. M. Sanborn as Camp Counselors.

The thermometers tried hard to make it 100 degrees in the shade here Tuesday, but paused for a time at 98°.

The Knights of Temperance, connected with St. John's church, Lawrence, who have been receiving instruction from Private Russell of Co. L., held a prize drill Tuesday evening. Capt. Andrew Reeves and Lieuts. George L. Weil and Frank A. Coan acted as the committee of award. The officers were entertained at the Alcazar after the exhibition.

A. W. Crockett is spending a few weeks at Nantucket, with a classmate.

A. D. Blanchard of Windham, N. H., conducted the Sabbath School service at Saint Paul's Church, last Sunday.

Miss Alice Godfrey returned to her home in Candia, N. H., Monday, for the summer.

The Y. P. S. C. E. have selected for the topic of the Sunday evening meeting; "He that overcometh."

One of the horses on the 11.30 a.m. horse-car, was taken sick at this end of the route Saturday. It was necessary to remove it from the pole to Cheney's stable, from which another was obtained to complete the trip.

James W. Warren and Miss Grace Warren of St. Paul, Minn., have been enjoying a brief vacation at the home of Frank A. Warren, Union Village.

The following petition has been received by the Selectmen:

GENTLEMEN: "The undersigned, directors of the Merrimack Valley Horse Railroad Company, hereby petition your honorable board for permission to extend the tracks of said road, and for a location of the same, beginning at the curve on Sutton Street, thence through Sutton Street, and the main direct road leading to Haverhill, to the Bradford line, and as in duty bound will every pray."

H. B. FERGUSON,
J. H. CUNNINGHAM,
CHAS. E. LEGG,
E. P. SHAW,
WM. OSWALD,
JAS. H. EATON,
ALBERT D. BOSSOM.

In consideration of the above petition, the Selectmen, at the meeting Monday afternoon, voted to hold a public hearing in the Selectmen's Office, Saturday afternoon, July 28th, at 2 o'clock.

Arthur W. Moore and family removed to East Boston, Saturday, where they will reside.

L. Eugene Sessions and Miss Adda May Greenleaf, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Greenleaf, of Minneapolis, Minn., were united in marriage at the home of the bride, June 30th, 1890. Wedding cards announce that they will be at home Tuesdays after August 1st, 148 Linden Avenue, Minneapolis. The bride is a niece of Mrs. R. G. Greenleaf and Mrs. J. G. Brown of this town.

Joseph F. Allen has been granted an auctioneer's license.

Mrs. Frank Sawyer, of Groton, is visiting at the home of Mrs. John Burnham.

The mechanism of the fire alarm in the Eben Sutton engine house was overhauled, cleaned, and set in working order by line-man Charles Robinson, on Monday evening.

A company of youths who were amusing themselves by unhooking gates and mischief of a similar character, early Friday morning, were rather surprised when personally notified by Chief of Police Smith, a little later to undo their mischievous celebration.

Company L., 8th Regiment, received a visit from Major William A. Pew, Jr., of Gloucester, and Adjutant Fred. I. Clayton, of Boston, Monday evening, for the purpose of familiarizing the command with guard mounting. The drill was given in Jefferson Square, Capt. Reeves acting as officer of the day, Lieuts. Weil and Coan, as officers of the guard, and Sergt. Badger as Sergt. Major.

There will be a public meeting in Bradstreet Schoolhouse next Tuesday evening, at 7.45 o'clock, under the auspices of the Order of the Red Cross. At the conclusion of the meeting, a lodge will be instituted, the election and installation of officers will be conducted by the Supreme President and Medical Examiner Dr. G. W. Turner, of Boston.

The Selectmen have decreed that all bills in the police department shall receive the approval of the chief-of-police, before payment is made.

A hot-air balloon lodged in the trees between the property of General William J. Dale and Mr. James T. Johnson, about 4.30 p. m., last Friday. Mr. Herbert Johnson climbed one of the trees and dislodged the traveller and found it inscribed thus: "State Almshouse, Tewksbury, July 4." At 7.30 p. m., the fire ball was re-lighted and it floated gracefully away in the direction of Haverhill, with an added inscription: "Found at North Andover, by Irving Johnson, July 4, at 4.30 p. m.; re-lighted at 7.30 p. m." The latter part of the item given below may possibly explain its final history:

"A large Mongolian balloon sent up from Lawrence at noon yesterday, burst when near Tilton's Tower in this city, and was destroyed. Later in the evening another balloon burst and was burned in mid-air, forming a very pretty sight—[Haverhill Bulletin.]

A shocking accident occurred on Monday afternoon, on the Eastern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, less than quarter of a mile above the Machine Shop Station, and nearly opposite the "blocks." The brakeman, W. F. Bushee, of the 1.09 p. m. train, had just begun to collect the tickets, when his attention was arrested by a commotion among the passengers at the forward end of the rear car, and heard a woman shriek "He's gone." He learned that a man had thrown himself from the forward platform of the car, and immediately signalled the train to stop. Returning a short distance down the track he found the body of the hapless man frightfully mangled. The head was nearly severed from the body, the right arm cut nearly off above the elbow, the bones of the chest and of the left shoulder were also crushed, and the wheels had evidently passed over the right foot at the instep. Conductor T. W. Langmaid detailed Mr. Bushee to guard the remains, and the train moved on with the wife nearly frantic with grief. Word was at once telegraphed to Coroner Howe, and undertakers Waterhouse and Parsons, of Lawrence, who arrived about 2.45 p. m. After viewing the remains, the Medical Examiner ordered them delivered to the undertakers. Pending the arrival of the authorities, officers Crowther, Chalk and Harris, did good work keeping the already collected assembly of curious persons, at a distance. Through private advices to station agent Knowles, it was ascertained that the luckless man was Gustavus H. Tibbetts, of Haverhill. He was a shoemaker by trade, and resided at No. 43 White Street, in that city. He was formerly established in the grocery business, in Haverhill, but reverses unsettled his reason, and he has since been under treatment at the Danvers Asylum, to which he was being returned after a short stay at his home during the recent celebration. Deceased was a Mason, and a Knights Templar, and well-known in Haverhill.

Miss Annie Blanchard of the Merchant's National Bank, Lawrence, is visiting friends in Hingham, Mass.

Miss Emma Stormont is spending her vacation of two weeks with friends in East Wilton, Maine.

The many friends of Mrs. Fannie B. (Mace) wife of Mr. John Lewis, will be pained to learn of her early death that occurred at the home of her father, Mr. Charles I. Mace, Rye, N. H., in the early morning of Friday, after a comparatively short illness of acute phthisis. Her death was wholly unexpected, and even to the last the members of the family looked for an early recovery. She was a native of Rye, and was 25 years of age and besides her father and three sisters, she leaves a husband and two children, a daughter aged 2 years, and an infant son aged 3 months. Funeral services were held at her father's house on Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Mr. Holmes, of the Congregational Church. The burial was at Hampton, N. H.

Among the visitors in town on the Fourth were Mr. and Mrs. George G. Greenwood of Hopedale, and Mr. E. W. Horne, Misses Emily Horne and Lizzie Crockett, Lynn.

The fourth of July in town was one of the quietest ever known. Crowds of citizens began making their exit from town, to the neighboring city of Lawrence, about 4 a. m., and at 9 o'clock the town had much the appearance of a deserted village, owing to the variety of attractions elsewhere.

Chief of Police Smith spent Tuesday at Nantasket Beach.

Messrs. Geo. L. Harris, Wm. McQueston Charles H. Morrill witnessed the Regatta of the Eastern Yacht Club, from the steamer "New York," the latter being chartered by the Boston Herald staff, for use Tuesday.

Mrs. Mary A. Davis of Andover, spent the Sabbath with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Poor.

The wedding of Mr. Ernest Marshall Dean and Miss Lizzie Jennette, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Coburn, was a very pretty occasion and was solemnized at the residence of the brides parents No. 1 Wyoming Place, Malden. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Elias Hodge, of this town, Wednesday evening, at eight o'clock.

The following diversions have been planned for the Congregational Sabbath School picnic at Canobie Lake, to-day, weather permitting: Base ball game, Boat race, 4 oars, Boat race, two oars, Boy's boat race, Girls boat race, 100 yds. dash, 3 legged race, Potato race, Tennis game, Tug of war.

Mrs. Dr. Morrill of Metcalf, Miss Hodges of Cambridge, and Minnie Mulveyhill, of South Boston, are guests at the home of Mrs. Charles Poor.

The members of Wynona Lodge I. O. G. T. were entertained by the following program at their meeting Monday evening: Organ selection, Edith Clark; Reading, Alice F. Harris; Harmonica solo, Bert Cole; Address, Andrew McLean; Song, C. M. Sanborn; Addresses by Rev. Elias Hodge and Frank W. Frisbee. Grand Councillor W. O. Wiley of Boston was present and interested the lodge with a pleasing address concerning the work of the Order. Other remarks were made by Bros. Roberts, Craig and Walker. One candidate was proposed for membership.

"Work in the Highways and Hedges;" is the subject of the meeting of the Y. P. C. E. of the Methodist Church, Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Carnie, of Boston, have been visiting at Mr. J. M. Craig's.

Miss Mary A. Osgood of Newburyport, is in town, the guest of town clerk Isaac F. Osgood.

The Grange meets next Tuesday evening.

Hon. George B. Loring of Salem, made a short visit to friends in town, last week Wednesday.

Mrs. S. H. Furber spent a portion of last week with friends in Portland, Me.

Mr. Charles B. Smith caught a fine string of pickerel at Lake Cochichewick, Saturday, two of the fishes tipped the scales at 6 pounds 4 ounces.

The farmers are rejoicing over the unusually fine haying weather and excellent prospects of a large harvest of garden productions.

Mr. George Otis Downing and family of Meriden, Conn., are the guests of Hon. John A. Wiley.

Miss Georgie Stevens, daughter of Mr. Henry James Stevens, has returned home after an absence of two years in Germany, where she has been receiving musical instruction, and is now at the family residence at the Centre.

FLOUR

CARLOAD JUST RECEIVED

Which, notwithstanding the recent rise, will be sold at former LOW PRICES

T. A. HOLT & Co.,

Andover and North Andover Centre.

Officer A. V. Chalk and family spent a few days last week at Salem and Lynn Beach.

It is expected that measures leading to the publication of the genealogy of the Osgood Family will shortly be resumed, and that the subscriptions pledged for the purchase of the historical manuscript in the possession of the family of the late Ira Osgood of London, N. H., will soon be inquired after. Hon. George B. Loring and Mr. Isaac F. Osgood are engaged in looking up the material in the interests of the family. The arrangement and compilation of the work will probably be done by Mr. John D. Lord, of the Historical Rooms, Boston.

* Miss Lena Hall, of Drownville, R. I., has been spending a vacation of two weeks at the home of George Josselyn.

F. E. Morgan and Andrew Gault of Montreal, Canada, are making a brief visit at the home of William Morgan, on Elm Street. The party, including Henry Morgan of Lawrence, spent Thursday at Nantasket Beach.

Henry Alberzette, President of the Moulders' Union, of Lawrence, left town Monday, for Detroit, Michigan, as a delegate to the Moulders' Convention, now sitting in that place. He will be absent two weeks.

A. P. Cheney has the contract to convey Co. L's freight to camp at South Framingham.

The stars and stripes floated above the public schools at sunrise Independence Day.

The United Order of the Endowment League meets at the Bradstreet Schoolhouse this evening.

The Busy Bee Lodge of Juvenile Templars were interested in the following programme on Wednesday evening: Reading, Cornelius Mahoney; song, Fannie Harris, accompanied by Alma Downing; reading, Joshua Payne; song, Fannie Harris; reading, Joshua Payne. The committee to furnish the entertainment for the next meeting are William Jowett, Irving Carney, Charles Walwork, Florence Davis, Minnie Goff, Charles Hinxman. Three candidates were proposed for admission and two were received as members.

HORSE WANTED.

Anyone having a horse which they wish cared for during the Summer, and to be used lightly for his keeping, please address "L" TOWNSMAN OFFICE.

FOR SALE.

The SMALL PRIVATE SCHOORHOUSE situated on Punchard Avenue is offered for sale. Also about 7 acres of nice English grass. Inquire of T. D. THOMPSON, Central Street.

TO LET.

House, Barn, and 1 1/4 acres of land corner of Summer Street and Punchard Avenue. Inquire of R. M. ABBOTT.

A Chance for Speculation.

The undersigned will sell a 23 acre field situated within seven minutes walk of the depot and centre. This is the most available property new in the village for building purposes.

H. M. HAYWARD.
Ballardvale, June 1st.

FARM FOR SALE.

The well known property of

John Chandler,

IN

ABBOTT VILLAGE

is offered for sale. It is situated on Cuba St. less than two minutes walk from the village school, and about ten minutes walk from the Post Office, centre schools and churches. The Buildings consists of a two story house with 11 rooms, painted and blinded; barn 50 x 32; a new barn built a few years ago 30ft. square and shed 16 x 40. There are 70 acres of land, divided into mowing, pasture and woodland. Land suitable for early products. Cuts 25 tons of hay. Apples and other small fruits in plenty. Excellent and never failing well of water. In fact a farm desirable in every way. For particulars Apply to

JOHN CHANDLER,

On the premises.

Or at J. H. Chandler's opposite Post Office.

A good opportunity to open up several desirable house lots, and leading through to the West Parish Road. Haggett's Pond water runs in front of house.

New Shoe Store
JOB LOTS.

A Lot of Ladies' Fine Shoes,
\$2.50 per pair.

One Lot of Misses Shoes,
\$1.50 per pair. Regular Price \$2.00.

One Lot of Gents' Shoes,
\$1.75 per pair. Excellent Value.

Try the 'Little Monitor' Shoe

J. E. SEARS,

Bank Building, Main Street, Andover.

Old Method, Lasting with tacks.

New Method, Lasting without tacks.

IN GLAD WEATHER.

I do not know what skies there were,
Nor if the wind was high or low;
I think I heard the branches stir
A little, when we turned to go.
I think I saw the grasses sway
As if they tried to kiss your feet—
And yet, it seems like yesterday,
That day together, sweet!

I think it must have been in May;
I think the sunlight must have shone;
I know a scent of springtime lay
Across the fields; we were alone.
We went together, you and I;
How could I look beyond your eyes?
If you were only standing by
I did not miss the skies!

I could not tell if evening glowed,
Or noonday heat lay white and still
Beyond the shadows of the road;
I only watched your face, until
I knew it was the gladiest day.
The sweetest day that summer knew—
The time when we two stole away
And I saw only you!

—Charles B. Going in Scribner's.

THE LAST PEOPLE.

'Tis in the year A. D. 9,450,235. A dense fog envelops the entire globe, growing thinner and lighter only at the poles. The rays of the sundisk are dotted with millions of dark spots and cannot penetrate the thick, wintry fog; over the earth a pale red twilight spreads.

Nature round about is dead and barren. The dome of the horizon is not visible; no friendly star sheds its light upon this immense, rigid desert; the soft rays of the moon have ceased to shine over the giant snow fields and icy prairies; they are no longer reflected upon the glistening surface of the narrow, far expanding frozen seas, the remnants of the oceans of the world not yet absorbed by the sunlight.

And should this impenetrable fog break away and the continuous fall of the fine, misty snow come to an end we would still seek vainly for the trusty comrade of the earth, the moon. Thousands of years ago she was destroyed, partly through a constantly increasing cold and partly seared by the burning sunrays, which no atmosphere could soften, and her fragments were hurled into the immense space of the earth. It was thought that the end of the world had come then, and this terrible catastrophe caused dreadful earthquakes, floods and storms, the description of which came down from generation to generation in myths and legends, until at last the influence of the moon upon the earth, the tides and eclipses of the sun was not even known by name to the human race of that period.

As far as the eye can reach this desert lies in the throes of an almost complete rigidity. The fire in the interior of the earth is burned out; the rays of the sun have lost their power to warm it. Everything is cold and dead. But there is still some organic life under the white shroud; there are still human beings living in this inhospitable wilderness, remnants of a dwarfed and stunted tribe, who for thousands of years have been accustomed to wring day by day a hazardous existence from the inimical elements; a tribe who know nothing of a life during medieval days in warmer climes, where a voluptuous and magnificent flora grew under a deep blue sky and earth and air and ocean were peopled with manifold animal creatures. For thousands of years the inhabitants of the globe have known no other zone than the northern, no other nature but one of snow and ice and cold. There were many old scientific records which spoke of a milder climate, and sagacious hypotheses were laid down in these volumes of an antediluvian fauna and flora; but later on nobody believed them or imagined it possible that they could ever have existed.

During an immeasurable period of time the earth had gradually cooled off, and this cooling off emanated from the poles, moving slowly and gradually—for thousands of years were mere seconds on the dial of the clock of the world—toward the equator. What a sensation it aroused when in ancient times, for instance in the Nineteenth century, fossil remnants of a vegetation and animal world were found way up in the north underneath the ice and snow, such as could have existed only in the tropic zone, not thinking then that the time would come when the equator would reveal under its cover of ice and snow the fossils of its own tropical nature.

Constantly the inhabitable space of the earth grows smaller, the battle for existence and life becomes more severe, resistance against the elementary powers weakens and the human race gradually melted away, until in the year of 9,450,235 it had become almost extinct.

This remnant of a race, which had once covered the entire earth ball and boasted of its mastery of the world, is found secluded in huts of ice way up in the mountains of the Loango region of western Africa, near the former sea coast. Hardly distinguishable from their surroundings, it is difficult to find these human habitations. Woe to the lonely wanderer who should lose his way. He would perish surely, unless a streak of the north light, which now and then breaks through the fog, comes to guide him aright.

No star, not even the sun, can point him on his way, for everything is enveloped in this impenetrable mist. Long, narrowly winding tunnels lead through the snow into the cave like huts in which these few human beings live with their last trusty companions—the reindeer and the dog. One of their greatest labors is to keep the hut and its entrance free from the snow, which is continually drifting, and to gather the necessary nourishment for these animals. Should they neglect to do the one they would be buried alive, and if they omit to care for their reindeer, which supply them with their meat and milk, they will die the death of starvation; for the seal and walrus hunt is combined with untold hardships and yields but a rare find.

Two men clothed in heavy, thick sealskins are turning a sled hitched to a couple of tan colored dogs toward the hut, which lies a little way above the narrow passage which they are traversing. They are just returning from an unsuccessful seal hunt. It is a long time since they have killed one of these animals, which are now but rarely seen. They have eaten the last morsel of meat, and the death of starvation is stealthily but surely approaching.

In the interior of the hut a pallid young woman is anxiously awaiting the coming of the men. She knows but too well the meaning of their return without the coveted prey. It's a question of life and death, and her lips falter as the two appear in the entrance, over which the skins of the seal are hung.

"Nothing—nothing again!" she cries desperately.

With a convulsive sob the young mother presses her wan, slumbering infant to her breast and sinks upon her knees. An older, hollow eyed child, frightened by its mother's unusual manner, cries aloud. While the younger man endeavors to pacify his little daughter the older of the two approaches the wretched woman and folds her tenderly to his breast. "Esther, my daughter, do not despair. We are in the hands of God. He will not forsake us," he whispers, and is himself in need of consolation, for he realizes fully their terrible position. Tears come to the eyes of the disconsolate woman; gradually she grows calm under the encouraging words of her aged father and the tender pleading of her beloved husband. She listens anxiously to the debating of the two men, who are making various plans to escape the dreadful death of starvation.

Since time immemorial there has been in existence a tradition of a country where it is not so cold, where the fog is not so thick and where for hours the snow fall ceases and seals and other animals are plentiful. Yes, they must endeavor to reach this blissful region, so the old man proposes, after all the other plans have been discussed and rejected. Hope is again kindled in the breasts of these wretched beings, who have no idea that the same fate awaits them everywhere—the fate of perishing from cold and starvation—for the Eden of which they are dreaming has grown inhospitable and uninhabitable, too. The entire globe is wrapped in snow and ice as in an armor of steel; the deep shadows of the night prevail, which change now and then into pale, gray twilight.

A better land—ah, it can be found only beyond this world, and not upon its snowfields, which were fixing in death, and could neither produce new life nor sustain that which dragged out a weary existence.

But as the drowning man clutches a straw, these unfortunate creatures grasped the hope of finding this land, with which tradition had made them familiar. Before they could carry out this daring plan, however, born of sheer desperation, the winter storms broke in upon them earlier than usual, forbidding them to remain outside the hut for even a brief space of time, and making their proposed emigration a thing impossible.

Horror and despair filled their hearts and finally gave way to a piteous resign-

ation. Their pallid children moaned with hunger, and the cry of their loved ones inspired them with renewed energy. All is not yet lost. Unexpected succor may come from above. They will fight the battle for existence to the last; yes, they will hold out for the sake of their innocent children. It did not occur to them that the life for which they were saving them was one of utter privation, else their heroism and courage would have failed.

But they feel the hunger and its pangs more and more, and with a heavy heart they resolve at last to kill one of the four faithful dogs, although he can but illy be spared. In a few days the second follows, then the third and finally the last. The aged father partakes scarcely of any nourishment, refusing to deprive his loved ones of the few morsels which might still the pangs of his hunger. Hour by hour he grows weaker, and at last he can arise with difficulty only from his pallet in a corner of the hut. His eyes have sunk way back in his head, and in them shines a supernatural light. He realizes that he will soon be transported to yonder fields, where there will be no tears and no suffering. He tries to support the hope of the despairing young couple, whom terrible anxiety is almost driving mad, and to interrupt their dismal, gloomy brooding he narrates to them with faint voice stories of ages long since past, when ice and snow did not cover the earth everywhere, when people lived all over this globe and a second sun shone through the stillness of the night. Esther nods her head thoughtfully while he speaks. Aye, her father is describing the paradise where the gentle, balmy breezes blew, and some day they will reach it. How wondrously fair the journey would be were it not for the dreadful bridge which leads to its destination—death!

At last the pallid lips of the aged father are set in death, and his eyes have closed in that long slumber from which there is no awakening.

Hope slowly dies away from day to day that the storms will cease at last and Esther's husband, Ahasver, may go out and seek help in one of the neighboring huts, a long way in the distance. It would have brought them no succor, but increased their misery and destitution, for the few scattered human habitations had not sheltered a living being for many weeks.

The storm has piled the snow high before Ahasver's narrow entrance, and it would take a hundred brawny arms to remove this frozen wall instead of those four emaciated ones. Still he has been able to guard the entrance to this tomb from completely closing up and to prepare the moss for his reindeer that he has gathered with infinite labor.

Esther has kept alive the flame of hydrogen gas, which she generates from snow water by means of an ingeniously constructed apparatus. This gives both light and warmth to the wretched people. Since her father has closed his eyes in death her own strength wanes day by day, her courage fails and her resistive power decreases daily. There is but one chord in Esther's breast which responds in clear and rich intonations to the demands of life—it is her mother love. With consuming anxiety she watches the oldest of her darlings die a slow death of scurvy. At last its sufferings are ended; the mother's heart is breaking with agony and more fervently than ever she clasps her remaining child to her bereaved breast.

Two more terrible days have passed over their heads; they begin to feel the penetrating cold as well as the gnawing hunger, for the human body needs food for its inward fuel to generate the necessary natural warmth. Everything has been consumed except the last reindeer, which provides the infant with milk. The parents shrink from killing the animal and thus deprive their delicate child of this one source of nourishment which nothing can replace.

No, they would rather die.

And what is then to become of the little helpless creature? Is there no way out of this labyrinth of misery?

They decide to postpone the killing of the last reindeer as long as possible, and for a short time will share the food of the animal, the moss.

With leaden heaviness the hours drag wearily by. Esther almost faints with hunger. Suddenly the child awakens. It was hungry when she rocked it to sleep and now demands its food with infant vehemency. The feeble cry of her baby arouses Esther from her stupor. She springs to her feet, seizes the knife and places it in her husband's outstretched hand.

"Our child, Ahasver! Save our child!"

Ahasver's apathy instantly dispersed; he must feed his famishing child, and he hurries into the adjoining space. A dull thud, a gurgling sound, and it is done. After they have fed their child on the warm blood of the reindeer these two starving people still their own hunger.

Days pass by—perhaps weeks—for these two have ceased to measure time. The portions of food become smaller, the child grows weaker, for the meat diet is not good for it, and the hope of salvation from this misery has fled.

The infant, with its tiny, shrunken body and wizened face, lies dead in its mother's arms. The cry of anguish breaks from her lips at this last, cruel lash of fate. No tear of grief falls from her burning eyes. Ahasver and Esther have watched the inevitable draw near with silent resignation, and their hearts are filled with but one desire, of being reunited soon with their loved ones. They are calm and composed now, and submissive to the will of the Almighty. Without uttering a complaint they divide the last morsel of the reindeer meat.

Days have passed since they have eaten the last bite. Everything has been consumed; there is nothing left. They hold each other in one last embrace—death lingers in their faces.

The quiet of the tomb reigns within. Each hears the other's heart beating faintly. The flame of the gas is dying away. Esther is too weak to replenish the material, and she does not want to be separated for even the brief space of a moment from her husband's loyal breast.

Profound darkness envelops every thing.

There, oh, wonder! suddenly a ray of light illuminates the hut. The ray steals softly through the roof. It is the magnetic polar light. Ahasver and Esther, almost removed from this world, show no surprise. Heavenly joy fills their souls, and more firmly than before they clasp each other, for death cannot part them. It grows brighter before their eyes; mild, warm breezes sweep softly around them; heavenly melodies fall on their ears, and before the enraptured gaze is spread a world of whose wonders they have never dreamed.

Arrayed in garments of softest light and wandering under glorious palms their children come toward them and nestle against their hearts. And holding their darlings to their breasts they are carried upward as if on angels' wings to a life of heavenly bliss!

The snow is drizzling on unceasingly.

All life on the globe is dead and it will never be renewed. The earth, no more the mother earth, an atom in the immeasurable space of the world, pursues her course unerringly, until after millions of years destiny is fulfilled and she will be hurled in the burning sun ball that she may become its fuel and bring life and warmth to other spheres and other organic creatures.—E. S. H. in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

He Couldn't Dance.

A prominent society girl was attending a dancing party, and among the men introduced to her was a college student—a tall, fine looking fellow of athletic build. While they were conversing the orchestra struck up a gallop, and he said, "Shall we promenade? I don't gallop." They walked and talked for a few seconds; then Miss Rosebud, whose little feet were fairly aching to fly over the smooth floor, said, with a beseeching glance: "That music is so lovely. Don't you think you could gallop if you tried? It's very easy, you know—just four slides." The upward look through the long lashes must have been hard to resist, but the response was crushing and incontrovertible: "I'm awfully sorry, Miss Rosebud, but really and truly I can't dance. Broke both legs playing football!" And poor little Miss Rosebud took the remainder of her promenade in fear and trembling, not feeling at all sure that he might not at any moment crumble and fall all to pieces.—Detroit Free Press.

How to Dress a Baby.

A baby should be warmly dressed, but not incumbered with clothing. When it perspires freely it is too warm, and is likely to take cold if the air happens to be colder than usual or it is exposed to a draught. On the other hand a great deal of vitality is wasted in the efforts of nature to keep the body warm if it is not protected with sufficient clothing.—Ladies' Home Journal.

WHERE THE TIDES MEET.

A Dark Nook Where the River's Dead Usually Rises to the Surface.

Over on the other side of the East river the yellow wall that bounds the southern side of the navy yard runs down to the edge of the water and abruptly ends here. Along this wall runs a narrow, dingy street. It is several hundred feet long, but there are no houses upon it. It terminates in a dirty, rickety dock that is usually covered with ashes and refuse to be loaded on the garbage boats, and is thronged with women, children and old men delving into the dirty mass.

Sometimes you will see men here bent on an entirely different business. They seem to do nothing but watch the river, and to pay no attention to anything else. A curious person asked a tough looking small boy who was lounging about the dirty wharf the other day what those men were watching for. "Them?" said the tough one. "Oh, they's layin' for stiffs." A loquacious policeman supplied more information.

"That street," he said, pointing to the dingy alley before described, "is Little street, and just where that dock is is where the tides in New York harbor meet. I don't know much about it, but I'm told that the bodies of persons drowned in the East river or in the bay at any place are likely to come to the surface. They say that persons drowned in Harlem have come up where the tides meet at the foot of that dock, and so have the bodies of persons drowned at Staten Island. I've got a friend on the police boat who tells me that sometimes of a night when things are dull, and when the river thieves are keeping quiet, it's a common thing for them to run around to that dock at certain hours to see if any bodies have come up.

"They say the water is uncommon deep there, and I heard once that a full rigged ship sunk right off there and nothing was ever seen of her—even of her masts—by the divers. And they say, too, that the dock is haunted by the sailors on that ship, who dance hornpipes there on stormy nights and have a big time generally. But I don't take much stock in that. However, there's no gloomier spot on the river front on a dark night. In the summer season of the year dead bodies in the river that have been there for months come to the surface. That's what those fellows down there are looking for."

A cheerful place is Little street, isn't it?—New York Mail and Express.

When Lightning Strikes a Person.

It is indisputable that persons are sometimes struck by the full force of the electric fluid and live. In such cases, however, it will be found that the current in no instance enters the body, but passes down the clothing via the collar studs, watch chain, pocket knife and other conductors. In such passage the flesh is often badly burned.

June 11, 1874, lightning struck a tree on South Water street, in New Bedford. It stripped a line of bark from the tree down to a point five feet from the ground. Then it sprang across the sidewalk to a nail in the fence, and so on into the earth. There was a young woman on the sidewalk just at that point and she fell senseless. A free application of cold water restored her to consciousness, and then it was discovered that her dress was burned at the shoulder and that her collar bone was broken. The steel buckle that fastened a bretelle to her dress at the shoulder was torn off. In this case it would appear that the lightning used the metal buckle as a stepping stone in its path from the tree to the nail in the fence.—Boston Globe.

Boiling Eggs and Making Coffee.

"I think there are more egg and coffee cranks than any other," said the head of a large house furnishing store. "Nearly every day inquiry is made for some new coffee pot or some new method of boiling eggs or more probably timing eggs while they are boiling. This little hour glass was invented a few years ago. It is to hang on the wall to notify the cook when the egg is soft, medium or hard. You put it right in the water with the eggs, I suppose," said a lady the other day before I explained its use." There are probably more patents yearly issued in connection with this simplest process in cooking and for coffee pots than for almost anything else in the realm of the kitchen. All this goes to show that there are a great many cooks in America who have not yet learned how to make coffee or boil eggs or such inventions would not find ready sale.—New York Tribune.

RELIGIOUS NEWS AND NOTES.

At the Baptist Church, Sunday morning, Rev. L. H. Sheldon was the preacher, his text being Ps. 11:3. The monthly concert of prayer for missions occupied the evening.

Dr. Selah Merrill occupied the Chapel pulpit last Sunday morning. His text was, "Jethro's advice to Moses, Ex. 18:18.

Rev. F. W. Greene preached at the West Church, Sunday morning, on the text 1 Cor. 13:4, 5. Missionary concerts were held in the evening, in the vestry and at the Osgood School-house.

Rev. Prescott F. Jernegan, lately teacher of Latin and Greek in Phillips Academy, will supply the Baptist Church in Newburyport for the summer, and enter the Middle class in Newton Theological Seminary in the fall.

Rev. F. Barrows Makepeace of the North Church, Springfield, concluded last Sunday evening addresses upon "Springfield, Its People and Its Institutions."

Edward B. Blanchard, of the Seminary, has accepted a call to Salem, N. H., to become acting pastor for one year.

Rev. James E. Odlin has withdrawn his resignation from the church at Goffstown, N. H., at the unanimous request of the church.

Rev. Mr. Blair preached at the South church Sunday morning, and in the evening Mr. F. D. Greene gave a very interesting talk on Missionary work.

The text of Pastor Wilson at the Free Church, Sunday morning was 2 Cor. 5:15, "Think of the life we ought to live as a result of Christ's death." In the evening the monthly Missionary concert was held. John W. Bell, delegate to the National Y.P.S.C.E. Convention at St. Louis, gave an interesting report of that meeting.

If a wide-awake man who sells lamp-chimneys happens to read, will he write to Macbeth & Co., Pittsburgh?

They make the "pearl-top" chimneys that do not break, except by accident. "Pearl-top" is the trade mark.

Some dealers think they can't afford to stop the breaking of chimneys. "It would spoil the business," they say.

Queer sort of business that lives on the worthlessness of its merchandise!

CAUTION Take no shoes unless W. L. Douglas's name and price are stamped on the bottom. If the dealer cannot supply you, send direct to factory, enclosing advertised price.



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\$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE.

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All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

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ANDOVER DIRECTORY.

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD

W. H. Goodwin, Agent.

ANDOVER TO BOSTON. A. M. 6:50 ex. ar. in Boston 7:35; 7:45 ex. ar. 8:35; 8:05 ex. ar. 8:55; 8:35 ex. ar. 9:20; 9:45 ex. ar. 10:35; 11:10 acc. ar. 12:05 P. M. 12:30 ex. ar. 1:15; 12:30 acc. ar. 1:40; 1:55 acc. ar. 2:20; 4:25 acc. ar. 5:25; 5:44 acc. ar. 6:42; 7:11 ex. ar. 8; 9:39 acc. ar. 10:30. SUNDAY: 7:45 ar. 8:50; 8:35 ar. 9:30; 12:30 ar. 1:25; P. M. 4:32 ar. 5:30; 5:53 ar. 7; 9:14 ar. 10:10. All accommodation.

BOSTON TO ANDOVER. A. M. 6:00 acc. arrive in Andover, 7:02; 7:30 acc. ar. 8:25; 9:30 acc. ar. 10:24; 10:25 acc. ar. 11:30. P. M. 12:00 ex. ar. 12:52; 12:30 ex. ar. 1:09; 2:15 ex. ar. 3:00; 3:20 ex. ar. 4:05; 4:02 acc. ar. 5:00; 5:00 ex. ar. 5:45; 6:00 ex. ar. 6:47; 6:35 acc. ar. 7:31; 7:00 acc. ar. 7:52; 11:00 ex. ar. 11:45. SUNDAY: A. M. 8:00 acc. ar. 9:06. P. M. 5:00 acc. ar. 6:14; 6:00 ex. ar. 6:47; 7:30 acc. ar. 8:25.

ANDOVER TO LOWELL. A. M. 7:45 arrive in Lowell 8:34; 8:33 ar. 9:02; 9:43 ar. 10:36; 10:35 ar. 11:04; 11:10 ar. 11:42. P. M. 12:30 ar. 1:06; 1:40 ar. 2:45; 2:44 ar. 3:14; 4:25 ar. 5:07; 5:50 ar. 6:16; 7:11 ar. 7:44; 9:39 ar. 10:06. SUNDAY: A. M. 7:45 ar. 8:12; 8:33 ar. 9:19. P. M. 12:20 ar. 12:51; 4:32 ar. 5:01; 5:58 ar. 6:26; 7:49 ar. 8:17; 9:14 ar. 9:40.

LOWELL TO ANDOVER. A. M. 8:35 ar. 9:00; 9:20 ar. 10:24; 10:55 ar. 11:30. P. M. 12:10 ar. 12:52; 1:00 ar. 1:26; 3:05 ar. 3:42; 3:30 ar. 4:05; 5:10 ar. 5:45; 6:15 ar. 6:47; 6:55 ar. 7:31; 11:10 ar. 11:45. SUNDAY: 8:00 ar. 8:24; 8:30 ar. 9:06. P. M. 5:35 ar. 6:14; 7:50 ar. 8:25.

ANDOVER TO LAWRENCE. A. M. 7:02, 8:23, 9:00, 10:24, 11:30. P. M. 12:52, 1:09, 1:26, 3:00, 3:42*, 4:05, 5:00, 5:45, 6:47, 7:31, 7:52. SUNDAY. A. M. 8:24, 9:06. P. M. 6:14, 6:47, 8:25.

LAWRENCE TO ANDOVER. A. M. 6:40, 7:30, 7:55, 8:20, 9:30, 10:30, 11:00. P. M. 12:10, 12:50, 1:15, 1:25*, 2:35, 4:14, 5:35, 5:40, 7:04*, 9:30. SUNDAY: 7:35, 8:15. P. M. 12:10, 4:25*, 5:35, 7:42*, 9:08*.

*To and from South side.

ANDOVER TO SALEM. A. M. 7:02, arrive in Salem 8:40, 8:23 ar. 9:58. P. M. 12:52 ar. 2:03; 5:45 ar. 7:00. SUNDAY: A. M. 8:24 ar. 9:42. Via Wilmington Junction, 7:45 ar. 8:45.

SALEM TO ANDOVER. A. M. 7:00 arrive in Andover, 8:33; 11:35 ar. 12:39. P. M. 4:39 ar. 5:50; 6:00 ar. 7:11. Via Wakefield Junction, 10:35 ar. 11:30; 2:00 ar. 3:00. SUNDAY: P. M. 6:40 ar. 7:49.

GOING EAST. A. M. 7:02 H. M. 8:23, 10:24 H. P. M. 12:52 N. 3:00, 3:42 N. 4:05, 5:45, 6:47 H. N. 7:52 H. SUNDAY. A. M. 9:06 H. P. M. 6:47, 8:25 H.

H. to Haverhill only. N. connects to Newburyport.

GOING NORTH, VIA MANCHESTER. A. M. 8:23, P. M. 1:09, 5:45, 6:47. SUNDAY: A. M. 9:06. P. M. 6:47.

For Ballardvale take Lowell trains. The 8:23 a.m. train from here connects for Salem, Point of Pines, every day in the week.

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North American, Yankee, and Syracuse Plows.

NEW YORK CHAMPION

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ANDOVER NEWS.

For other Andover News, see Pages 1 and 4

Abbott Village.

Mr. Charles Bushfield of Merrimac is spending his vacation at home with his parents.

The 2nd eleven of Andover will play three games with the Merrimacks 2nd two here on July 26th and Sept. 6th and at Lawrence July 16th.

The Riversides were defeated for the first time in two years by a picked nine from Ballardvale by a score of 27 to 9. The Riversides were clearly overmatched.

The company is placing a fence around their land in the village which cuts off about five feet from the road. Other alterations will be made shortly.

Mr. Wm. Laurie of Lynn spent the latter part of the week visiting friends in this village.

Willie Christie of New York, at present staying with his uncle Mr. Wm. Warden had his eye severely burned last Saturday. He was setting off fire crackers on the cricket field when one exploded with the above result. The eyesight will not be injured however.

The annual excursion of Smith & Dove employees takes place to-morrow at Oak Island. A special train will convey the party. Tickets, Adults 1 dollar, Children 60 cts. can be had from John S. Harris, C. MacDermott, H. Kydd and John C. Smith and William Clark in Frye Village. There should be a large party if the day is fine. Train leaves Lawrence at 7.10 a.m. Frye Village, 7.15, and Andover, 7.25.

The return game with the Lowells, Saturday drew a large crowd to the grounds, and a very interesting game was witnessed although the home team were the losers by 13 runs. The Andovers batted first and scored 58 runs. Bruce made a fine stand for 31 runs and Low played well for 10. The rest of the batsmen gave very little trouble. At the outset of the Lowell inning it looked rather bright for the home team 3 good men being out for 16 runs. Billy Brice, captain of the Lawrences played a fine inning and won the game for the Lowells. The only member of the Lowell team to reach double figures was Duffy who got 16 by patient play. The inning closed for 71 runs. The score: Lowells, W. Adler, b McGlynn 2; Thorpe, c Saunders b Saunders 5; Brice, b Saunders 22; Comber, c and b Kydd 3; Duffy, Run out 16; J. Hart, c McGlynn b Saunders 5; Greaves, c and b Bruce 0; Hornby, c Low b Bruce 0; Sherwood, c Smith b McGlynn 5; Hartwell, c Ker b McGlynn 2; Kendall, Not out 1; Byes 4; Leg Byes 0; Total 71. Andovers: Bruce, c Hart b Comber 31; Ker, c sub b Comber 1; Saunders, b Thorpe 0; W. Greig, l.b.w. b Comber 1; Low, c Hart b Thorpe 10; Christie, b Thorpe 0; McGlynn, c Thorpe b Comber 5; Coates Not out 6; H. Kydd, b Comber 0; J. Smith, c and b Comber 1; T. Wrigley, st. Adler b Comber 0; Extras, 3. Total 58.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

| LOWELL. | | | | |
|-----------|---------|---------|-------|---|
| Balls. | Maidens | W'k'ts. | Runs. | |
| McGlynn, | 90 | 2 | 21 | 5 |
| Kydd, | 48 | 1 | 19 | 1 |
| Bruce, | 42 | 1 | 15 | 2 |
| Saunders, | 42 | 1 | 8 | 1 |
| ANDOVERS. | | | | |
| Thorpe, | 66 | 3 | 29 | 3 |
| Comber, | 61 | 1 | 23 | 7 |
| Hart, | 6 | 0 | 5 | 0 |

The Cambridges made their first appearance in Andover, on the Fourth and in a two inning game were defeated by 66 runs and three wickets. The Cambridges batted first but were unable to make any stand against the smart bowling and fielding of the home team. Christie took a splendid running catch in this inning off Pierce's bat. The Andovers inning only realized 40 runs. Saunders having 12 not out. After lunch the Cambridges went to bat a second time and fared a little better 35 runs being the total. With 17 runs to win Andover went in and won the game before the fall of the first wicket, Saunders being out with 13 runs. Bruce and Ker batted hard for a long time, the former having 39 and the latter 13. Stumps were drawn at 5.15 Christie and Greig being not out with the score at 82. The game was exceedingly pleasant although interrupted by showers. The fielding of both teams was goods. Bruce and Kydd did good work with the ball having 4 wickets for 8 runs and 2 for 14 and 5 for 11 runs, 7 for 20. The Score:

CAMBRIDGE.

| | | |
|----------------------------|---------------|-------|
| Weish c McGlynn b Kydd 2 | b Bruce | 0 |
| Collett Run out | b Kydd | 2 |
| Pierce c Christie b Kydd 1 | b do | 2 |
| Buckle b do | b Bruce | 0 |
| Norton b do | b Kydd | 0 |
| W Rob'sn c Snds b B r'e 5 | b do | 5 |
| McLaughlan b do | Run out | 7 |
| Anderson b Kydd | b Kydd | 6 |
| C Rob'sn c & b Bruce 1 | c Porter b do | 5 |
| Linton c Saunders b do | Not out | 7 |
| Lewes Not out | b Kydd | 0 |
| Leg Byes | 2 | Bye 1 |

21

ANDOVERS.

| | | | |
|-----------------------|----|--------------------|----|
| Bruce b Anderson | 1 | c Pierce b Rob'sn | 39 |
| Porter c and b Pierce | 0 | b Anderson | 3 |
| Ker b Anderson | 0 | c Collett b Rob'sn | 13 |
| McGlynn b Pierce | 8 | b Anderson | 0 |
| Christie b Anderson | 1 | Not out | 4 |
| Greig b Pierce | 3 | Not out | 6 |
| Low Given out | 5 | b Pierce | 3 |
| Saunders Not out | 12 | c Linton b Collett | 13 |
| Coates b Robinson | 18 | c do b Pierce | 0 |
| Kydd b Pierce | 0 | | |
| Lawson b Robinson | 0 | | |
| Byes | 2 | Wide | 1 |
| | 40 | | 82 |

Frye Village.

Miss Nellie Playdon returned with Miss Alice Shaw for a visit in Stanford, Me.

Mrs. Charles G. Hussey is still confined to the house by illness.

Miss Emma Thompson visited friends in Lynn, this week.

Miss Pearl of Haverhill has been spending a week with Miss Clara Bell.

Misses Marion and Ethel Stott left town Tuesday, for a two months visit with friends in Montreal.

John L. Morrison and family of Merrimac, spent the fourth in in the Village, returning Monday, accompanied by Mrs. Alex. Morrison.

BIRTHS.

In North Andover, June 27, a son to Mr. and Mrs. James Daw.

In North Andover, July 9, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fountain.

In Lawrence, July 3, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wadlin.

MARRIAGES.

In Malden, July 9, by Rev. Elias Hodge of North Andover, Mr. Ernest Marshall Dean and Miss Lizzie Jennette Coburn, both of Malden.

DEATHS.

In North Andover, July 3, of heart disease, James Sullivan, aged 17 yrs, 7 months.

In Rye, N.H., July 4, of phthisis, Mrs. Fannie B. (Mace) wife of Mr. John Lewis. Aged 24 years, 10 months.

In Andover, July 5, William H. son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Jowett, aged 7 months and 14 days.

In Lawrence Hospital, July 6, William Leslie, aged 44 years.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

That the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the will of Mary M. Greene, late of Andover, in the County of Essex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

JONATHAN SMITH, Executor.
Andover, July 10, 1890.

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Rubber Hose.

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